

daring tales of heroism

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daring tales of heroism

by [ForASecondThereWedWon](#)

Summary

The fact that Crosby slept through D-Day just means Rosie gets to celebrate twice.

Notes

Written for the following prompt on Tumblr: "**It's so hot when you talk like that.**" As far as the pairing, I've just been dying to write a Rosie/Crosby fic.

([Here I am](#), and P.S., I'm still taking [prompts](#).)

Rosie thought they'd better keep it between the two of them—Crosby's disappointment. It seemed like the man was mourning D-Day, the way his face fell and he dropped back onto his bed. *I just can't believe I missed it*, Crosby'd said, and Rosie understood, he did. Personally, he wouldn't have traded anything in the world for the feeling of crossing to the continent on silver wings, watching more ships than he'd ever imagined cutting through the water below. Sleeping through the event sounded like... well, a nightmare.

"But you didn't miss *all* of it," Rosie assured him, leaning forward to give Crosby's knee a shake. "You were with us the whole way. They were your routes, Croz."

Crosby hung his head and sighed.

"Why doesn't that make me feel better?"

"Because you're a selfish bastard."

Crosby glanced up, wearing a sheepish smirk. Rosie smiled kindly at him.

"We really did it?" Crosby checked. "It doesn't feel real."

"It'll feel a hell of a lot more real once you leave these barracks. You ready for that? War aside, you really needed some goddamn sleep."

Crosby chuckled. "War aside."

"Hey," Rosie said in a tone of joking defensiveness. "I can be a selfish bastard too."

"Nah, you couldn't. You're a prince, Rosie."

Crosby rubbed the heels of his hands into his eyes and straightened his back. Rosie heard a satisfying-sounding crack. When his hands fell from his eyes, Crosby still looked weary. Some emotion made the corner of Rosie's mouth twitch.

"Seriously, Croz," he said, lowering his eyes. "You did so much."

Crosby gave this assessment a hard nod of acknowledgement that Rosie knew by looking at it meant he didn't agree. It was ridiculous, and he released a short laugh.

"I could kiss ya," he said, then stuttered, "W-we could all kiss ya."

What the *hell*. The top of Rosie's ears felt hot, but Crosby huffed a laugh, taking it in stride. More than that. He reached out an inviting hand and motioned Rosie in.

"C'mon then, 'tales of heroism,'" Crosby goaded.

Rosie couldn't let that taunting stand. With a wry, uncertain smile, he shoved to his feet. He couldn't hesitate; couldn't risk his "native hue of resolution" getting "sicklified o'er with the pale cast of thought." He wasn't some Hamlet, he was Major Rosenthal, and so he bent over the seated Crosby, took his face between his hands, and planted a firm kiss on his mouth.

He pulled back ready to laugh, but Crosby's face, first flushed from sleep, then pale upon hearing he'd slept through the invasion of Europe, was flushed again. It was only a soft pink, but it stalled the chuckle in Rosie's throat. The world had been so blue, so blue and grey. Green in the fields, he supposed, and black in the coffee he'd been going easy on so he wouldn't be thinking about needing to piss more than needing to bomb German targets while he was sitting in the cockpit.

They looked at each other. Rosie dropped his hands from Crosby's cheeks but didn't step back. His mind was not the mind of a man who retreated, and his body followed his mind's orders.

Crosby appeared to be thinking, but then, looking down, steeling himself, he came to some kind of decision. Rosie inhaled sharply as Crosby got to his feet. They were inches apart.

"That was from all of you, was it?" Crosby demanded.

There was something unyielding in his dark, steady eyes, something Rosie knew he himself must have provoked. Some idiots thought stepping into a job like Group Navigator—a base position, a non-flying position—meant surrendering your backbone. Those people didn't know Croz. Rosie liked the stuff Crosby was made of; he was made of the same.

"You tellin' me I'm letting the other boys down?" Rosie asked.

"I'm just not convinced they gave it all they had on that one."

"Well, they're still a little tense."

"What about you, Rosie?" Crosby seemed to ask this question of

Rosie's mouth; that was what he'd been staring at as the words left him.

"Well," Rosie said consideringly, cocking his head as his gaze moved between Crosby's eyes and mouth, "one thing I learned during my stint at the flak house was how to relax."

"Maybe you could teach me sometime."

"Neither of us has to be anywhere until oh eight hundred." Rosie raised his wrist and shot a glance at his watch. "I could teach you now."

"Crash course," Crosby agreed, then winced at his wording.

"Watch your mouth," Rosie warned with a lift of his eyebrows. "You're talking to a fuckin' pilot."

They held each other's eyes, the seconds too tense for Rosie to count. And then Crosby folded.

"It's so hot when you talk like that," he blurted.

Rosie grabbed the back of Crosby's head and yanked him into a second kiss, further bedraggling hair that hadn't been neatly slicked into place in three days.

This kiss was longer—it had *movement*. This time, Rosie noticed how Crosby's mouth *felt*, not only the brief pressure of contact. Pressed together, their lips were like copper wire, conducting emotions: through Crosby, Rosie re-experienced the thrill of D-Day, knew that the news sinking in was what made Crosby so eager, the returning thrust of his mouth so triumphant. The kiss was pure celebration. Silly and shocking, but necessary, as Rosie had learned time away from the strain of their work could be. A kiss! Why not!

When they drew apart at last, they shared a slightly self-conscious laugh.

"I—" Crosby began, but he bit the word off, and it was clear to Rosie that he didn't quite know which words to place after it.

"That's alright, Croz," he said. He stepped back and laid a hand on Crosby's shoulder. "I'm not ignorant of the way a gallant airman such as myself might inspire a fast-burning attraction. Just don't stay tongue-tied too long, ok? We need ya."

Crosby smiled properly for the first time.

“That’s what I hear,” he said.

“Atta boy. How’s breakfast sound?”

“Holy shit, *breakfast*.”

Rosie laughed as Crosbie rapidly finished dressing, then hooked an arm around the back of his neck to walk him out.

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